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VOL. XII WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY May 4 1891. No. 15

CURBSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired Since our Last Issue—Other Matters Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Hon. James C. Mathews of Albany N. Y. will be in the city in a few days.

Hon. H. C. C. Astwood has arrived in the city from San Domingo.

Carl Browne the leader of Coxeys army was arrested Tuesday.

The police force of the district deserve (?) a medal for the row that was created by them on Tuesday.

The members of the police force created more disturbance than the entire army of Coxey.

Lawyer W. C. Martin is doing a large pension business. He is one of the best pension attorneys in this city.

Lawyer John A. Moss favors the appointment of Judge Mills to succeed Judge Miller.

If the President intends to make a change no better man than Judge Miller could be found. He is brave honest and conscientious.

The friends of Dr. J. R. Riley are confident that the president will appoint him to the recordership, if Mr. Taylor fails of confirmation.

Miss Rosa Grady the 18 year colored lady who was charged with assault on officer King and Preston was aquitted last week. The evidence was that the young lady was assaulted and not the officers. Miss Grady will bring suit for assault.

Give the police force a medal for kicking up a fuss on Tuesday and beating a negro.

Let every citizen give every member of the police force, who clubbed the negro on Tuesday a medal(?). This opportunity should not be passed by un-noticed.

Call and examine our office if you want first class work done.

Manson Robinson the first colored registered plummer died at his home on R. street n. w. Tuesday evening at 11 o'clock. Mr. Robinson has been ill with the consumption for some time a disease over which no mortal has control. He leaves a wife and one child.

Dr. C B. Purvis read a very instructive paper before the 2nd Baptist lyceum last Sunday afteanoon.

One of our public school teachers will soon join the matrimonial family.

Mr. E. W. Thompson is expected in the city very shortly on important business.

The members of St. Lukes church were very much disappointed in not receiving the recent Madame Sissieretta Jones' concert, as it was given for their benefit.

Gen. Coxey, his wife, daughter and son and 300 followers, who are all white except one negro as clown, are in the city making times lively. His coming has been the means of 200 unemployed men getting work, as specials on the police force, among which are several colored men.

Miss Jennie Nichols anticipates spending the summer in Salem, Massachusetts, visiting friends.

Mrs. Thos. J. Calloway, will leave the city in the early summer for Hampton, Va.

Miss Ella Smith of Chicago, Ill. who has been visiting friends in this city left for her home last week.

The musicale, at the 3rd Baptist church, Thursday evening, May 17th, promises to be a grand affair.

Several colored people of the roughest type joined in the rear of Coxey's parade last Tuesday, May 1st.

The Fair at the 19th Street Baptist church was poorly attended during the entire two weeks except three nights.

Mt. Jezereel church has divided into two seperate bodies. Mr. Stuart's following are still at the large building and the other half are worshiping in a hall.

Rev. Geo. W. Lee carried a Coxey flag on Tuesday. The doctor was enthusiastic.

The Baptist Magazine, under the editorial charge of Dr. Bishop Johnson made its appearance last week in great shape. It will be a great journal and the doctor is the man to make it so.

The High School concert was a success last evening.

If you want a good cigar, fine crabs or a good lunch or dinner, go to the Holmes hotel, Philadelphia house and Robert H. Keys, see advertisements in another column.

AROUND THE CHURCHES.

Christianity is the foundation of the universe, and the monumental crown for the souls of God's faithful followers. It is the platform of Christ, and its expanse is greater than the world's extremest end, and deeper than the ocean's depths. It is the most tempting hope of the ages, present, past and future. The most pleasant dream of the Angels are based upon the immortality of Glory's celestial sphere. The stars may whisper, the clouds grow black with rage and the brooks enrapin glee and above all these phenomenal changes, God's mysterious and immortal hand stands charged with actions wrought. He is above comparison even with the Heavenly,

Rev. W. Bishop Johnson, D. D. pastor of 2nd Baptist church. rendered his 3rd sermon on "Job the Patriot." At 3.30 p. m. a large crowd turned out to hear Dr. Chas. B. Purvis late Surgeon In Chief of the Freedmen's Hospital. His address was rendered in an excellent manner. Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bryant occupied the pulpit at 7 45 p. m. his eloquence was above comparison and highly pleasing to all who heard him.

Evangelist A. Wilbanks, pastor of Zion Baptist church, spoke last Sunday night on "Rivers and Streams". Rev. Wilbanks also preached for the Rehobah Baptist church from the text "The people had a mind to work." Select music was in attendance and rendered some choice pieces in a highly flavored manner.

Rev. Wm. Creditt A. M. of the Berean Baptist church, occupied his pulpit at the usual hour and preached a splendid sermon. The Endeavor meeting met at 4:30 p. m.

Rev. Dr. Bishop Johnson is reaping a rich success from that enterprising Magazine and the articles therein are from the ripest scholars of the race.

Rev. Jas. H. Lee of the Third Baptist church, occupied his pulpit at the usual time and preached to an overwhelming audience. He discoursed a special sermon at 7.30 p. m. to the Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity, Tabernacle No. 2.

Rev. W P. Gibbons Ph. D. pastor of Mt. Carmel Baptist church, preached in the same satisfactory manner that has made him near and dear to his followers. His subject at 11 a. m. was "Intimacy with Christ and its effects" and at 7.30 p. m. he preached from the text "The Gospel of the Kingdom. Dr. Gibbons is one of Washingtons most brilliant and popular divines.

Walker Memorial Baptist church celebrated its third anniversary last Sunday. Sermon at 11 a. m. by Rev. . V. Bryant the pastor, at 3 p. m. Rev. W. P. Gibbons Ph. D. preached assisted by Father Sanday Alexander and Rev. A. Wilbanks. The Mt. Carmel Choir was present and furnished some very acceptable music. Rev. T. Huston preached at night.

"Jesus Christ the Foundation" was the subject of Rev. Dr. Geriah Lamkins B. D. of Salem Baptist church and he handled it in a most excellent way. At 4 p. m Hon. Jno. R. Lynch addressed the Lyceum very appropriately.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" and the church more powerful than all earthly vices, and if more could be made to believe the assertion, the world would be more Godlier to-day. Our churches are the pride and wonder of the times, and yet, as much as we boast in admiration of their hurried progression, We forget, or rather fail to note their prosperity in moulding the sentiment of the people. The church is partly responsible for the hostility known as "Race Hate" and the latter is the nestor of our American lynch law. If our Ministers would make a determined fight against this most abominable of all injustices, they would finally see it dying and smouldering in the dust at their feet, never, never to rise again.

Our people enmasse is a terrible instrument within the confines of any government and we know full well our stability of manhood. Now consider were it not for this manhood of patriotic allegience to "Old Glory" what we might have done, and could do. But we were not born of that coward blood, for we reverent the stars and stripes where ever they wave and have stood for this government in her most critical periods and will stand again if necessary.

"The Flood" was a fine subject for Rev. R. C. O. Benjamin of Mt. Pisgah A. M. E. Zion church, and his eloquence elicted due praise from all present. C, F. Rogers

BROWNS COLTS.

There will be a big game of base ball played at the National Park on Thursday afternoon May 10th, between Browns Colts and the Market Dealers.

These Colts are named for Uncle Bob Brown and Uncle Bob will bet on his colts.

The Market Dealers are great boys and will no doubt make Uncle Bob scratch his head before the game ends

If you want to see Uncle Bob happy visit the grounds on Thursday May 10th and watch him meet all comers.

THEY SAY.

Coxey is here.

The police will give more trouble than Coxey.

A negro will be recorder of deeds.

President Cleveland is determined.

Astwood is here.

Tuesday was the first of May.

In union there is strength.

Convention talk is afloat.

Candidates are being discussed

The boys are anxious to work.

Candidates will be many.

Bill Murrell has been made assistant Sergant At Arms of the New jersey legislature.

Bill Murrell always gets there although he may be compelled to crawl.

Let the common people have a show.

Do you love your neighbor?

Miss Ida B. Wells is in Europe.

She has aroused things to fever heat

Miss Wells knows how to tell the tale of woe.

Let the negro press defend her.

She deserves encouragement.

She is telling the English people how badly her American brethren are being treated.

She knows how to tell it.

Gas should be reduced.

It is inferior at any rate.

Mr. Benedict will be confirmed.

Boys will be boys no matter what you do or say.

The race problem is the title of the new book by Hon. B K. Bruce.

It will be the greatest exposition of the race problem that has ever been written.

Let us organize a business men's association.

That is what is needed among the colored business men of this city.

When thieves fall out honest men will get their dues.

A bastardy law is needed in this city.

The concert of the High School was a success.

Will McKinley be in it in 96?

There will be many in it and will probably remain in.

What shall we do with our boys and girls?

Let the race unite and support each other.

Public printer Palmer is the negroes best friend.

We want more wives and less parlor ornaments.

This is what lawyer Martin says.

He is a good writer and speaker.

Read the BEE and be happy.

PUBLIC OPINION.

From the Indianapolis World.

It is too late in the day to think of drawing the color line in the District of Columbia offices—and thinly disguising it as a desire for rule." The district is national, and home rule has always been a myth, to be traded upon when the occasion required an excuse The Senate should not permit itself to be humbugged. Col. Taylor should be confirmed.

Exchange.

It is said that Hon. N. W. Cuny, ex collector of customs at Galveston, Tex as, is going to make the race for Congress from the galveston district this fall. The district has been democratic since Thomas P. Ochiltree carried it for the republicans, and it is thought that Cuney's chances for success are better than those of any other republican in the district.

THOSE WICKED WOMEN.

They Have a Game of Poker and One Loses Her New Bonnet.

"Never again," said a pretty little matron to me yesterday, "never again. I've played cards for money for the last time."

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh, Polly, it's awful—simply awful. I just know how those dukes and barons feel when they stake their family estates and horses and carriages and things at one turn of the card—and lose."

"Why, what have you been doing?" queried I. "Surely you've not chipped away the money for your dressmaker's bill in penny ante, have you?"

"No, not so bad as that," replied she, "but almost. Charley gave me $15 yesterday to buy a bonnet, and I lost every cent of it last night."

"Why, how could you do that?"

"It was all the fault of that Violet Bates. She called last evening with her fiance and his sister, and, of course, they wanted to play poker. I declare this poker craze is something awful. You can't go anywhere, unless it is to church or the theatre, that you don't hear the rattling of chips and the shuffling of cards."

"Well, about this particular game?"

"Oh! well, it began at five-cent limit, and before long the limit was raised to a quarter."

"Why, you horrid little gamblers!"

"Yes, wasn't it awful, But I wouldn't have lost so much if Viola hadn't acted so meanly.

"I made a bet, and she raised me. It wasn't the raise that annoyed me, but there was an amused expression on her face as much as to say: 'O, the poor, silly girl doesn't know anything about poker,' and that made me mad.

"So I raised her back, and then she raised me, and we kept it up for ever so long. I bought chips twice, and so did she."

"Well, I hope you had a good hand."

"Oh, of course I did. I had one of those things—oh, what do you call 'em—where one card follows another?"

"A straight?"

"Yes, that's it. Of course I wouldn't lay that down, would you?"

"That depends."

"Well, any way, I didn't until I had $15 on the table, and then I didn't think it would be fair to take any more of her money, so I called her. She said: 'Two pair!' Well, of course I reached for the money, and then the mean thing said: 'Hold on. Two pair—of kings.'"

"Four of a kind?"

"Yes, that's just what she had. The idea! I told her that she'd lost for miscalling her hand, and she just laughed and said that poker was a showdown game—whatever horrid thing that is—and took all the money. I'll never speak to her again.

"And now I'll have to trim over one of my old hats and make Charley think I bought it."

"Well, dear, he'll never know the difference."

"Perhaps not. But every woman in town will."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Trouble With a Cold.

"'S'matter?"

"I got an awful cold," replied Col. Morney.

"Have you"—

"Yes, I have. I have polished my bronchial tubes with 'Conlins Consumption Coughine.'"

"No, but have you"—

"Yes! Course I have. I've had goose grease rubbed all over my throat and chest, and I"—

"But, I say, hold on; have you"—

"I tell you there's nothing I haven't tried. I took a hot bath, drank a pint of boiling lemonade and rubbed my hide almost off with Mustang liniment, but"—

"Now, listen! Have you"—

"Yes, I have. Tried them all, but they're no good. Why, last night I"—

"That's all right, but have you"—

"Have I what?"

"Have you time to go over to Flynn's and have something?"

"Why the deuce didn't you talk sense at the start?" responded the Colonel. "I'm with you."

A Matter of Doubt.

He was in a sad plight when they brought him into the house, shaking from an involuntary ice water bath in the skating pond.

"Johnny!" exclaimed his mother, aghast. "Where have you been?"

The boy was silent.

"Why don't you answer?"

"'C-'cause, m-mother, I can't exactly say."

"Why not?'

"'C-'cause, I d-dunno whether I've b-been skatin' or a-swimmin'."—Washington Star.

A Nice Gradation.

Not a very great many years ago an old gentleman in Kentucky was met by a friend who said:

"Well, Colonel, you dined with the Governor yesterday; who was there?"

"Well, sir," replied the Colonel, throwing back his head, digging his hands deep in his trouser's pockets and spreading wide his legs, "there was me, sir, and beside myself there were four other high-toned, elegant gentlemen from Kentucky, a gentleman from Virginia, two men from Ohio, a fellow from New York and a son of a gun from Boston, sir. Will you take a drink, sir?"

M'SWAT IN HIS CASTLE.

He Heard a Midnight Noise and Proceeded Bravely to Investigate.

"Hark! What's that!"

Mrs. McSwat sat up and listened.

"Billiger!" she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, shaking her snoring husband. "I hear a noise!"

"Wh-wh-wha'?" Where?" said Mr. McSwat, waking. "What's the matter, Lobelia?"

"'Sh! Listen! There it is again! It's downstairs, Billiger; somebody's in the house!"

Billiger listened a moment.

She was right.

There was a noise downstairs—a shuffling, stealthy kind of noise, as if made by somebody who was unacquainted with the premises, and had no business there.

He rose, dressed himself by thrusting his feet in a pair of slippers and pulling on a dressing gown. Then he lighted a dark lantern he had purchased for emergencies of this kind, armed himself with a patent carpet stretcher—one of the deadliest weapons known to science—and turned to his wife.

"Lobelia," he whispered huskily, "remain here! You can do no good. I will meet this invader alone. But stay! If there should be more than one," he continued, "and you hear me call out, you may come to the top of the stairs and yell. Make all the noise you can. It will convey the impression that we are expecting them and are prepared."

With his dark lantern and the deadly carpet stretcher he started slowly down the stairway, coughing loudly as he went.

Mrs. McSwat listened with eagerness. She could hear Billiger rasping his terrible weapon against the balustrade and coughing with a violence that increased every moment

Presently the noises ceased. It was evident that Billiger was searching the house to slip upon the marauders unawares.

Then there was a wild yell.

Without waiting to assure herself whether it came from Billiger or the burglars, Mrs. McSwat seized a chair, ran to the head of the stairs, screamed with all her might, tumbled the chair down to the floor below, rushed back for the washbowl and pitcher, sent them flying after the chair, hurled down a broom, another chair, a small trunk, a bootjack and several other articles of a portable nature that stood or lay within reach, her voice ringing out all the time in a series of wild yells.

While the din was at its height Mr. Billiger McSwat appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Lobelia!" he shouted, dodging nimbly as a towel rack flew past his head. "what on earth do you mean by this infernal racket? You've broken a hundred dollars' worth of furniture and roused the neighborhood! The police and fire department will be here if you don't stop!"

"Wasn't there any burglar, Billiger?" asked Mrs. McSwat.

"Burglar!" snorted Billiger, climbing over the ruins in the hallway and bounding up the stairs three steps at a time. "Burglar? No! It was only the cat. Didn't you hear it screech when I kicked it out of the parlor? Burglar!" he exclaimed contemptuously, throwing the patent carpet stretcher under the bureau, extinguishing the dark lantern and crawling between the sheets again. "Lobelia, if you hear any more burglars or thieves or robbers in this house to-night, and wake me up again, there's going to be trouble! Go to bed!"

And all the rest of the long, weary night Lobelia lay abed, wide awake, and listened to the deep, ceaseless snoring of Mr. Billiger McSwat.—Chicago Tribune.

A Shakespearean Suggestion.

Did the word "in" have in Shakespeare's time the same meaning which the slang phrase "in it" now has? In "The Merchant of Venice," Act II., Scene 2, Launcelot Gobbo says to Old Gobbo, "Father, in." What this means none of the Shakespearean critics or commentators tell us, and, as far as I can find out, none of them profess to be able to do so. If, however, "in" be regarded as slang and as equivalent to the modern slang phrase "in it," (and Launcelot Gobbo is of slang all compact,) the difficulty of explaining the passage vanishes at once, for nothing could better fit the context than to have Launcelot Gobbo, adopting the modern phrase, say to Old Gobbo, "Father, I am 'in it.'"—Boston Transcript.

Wanted the Best.

Salesman—Stove polish? Certainly. What kind do you want, little girl?

Juvenile Customer (nonplussed for a moment)—I've heard mamma say elbow-grease was the only thing that would put a good shine on a stove. Got any?—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Sign.

"How can you be certain that it was as late as 2 o'clock when Harry came in last night?"

May—Because he stumbled over a chair without swearing out loud.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the School-Room.

"There is but one kind of rock that grows," said the professor. "Can any of you mention it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the student from Dublin; "the sham-rock."—Vogue.

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A $20 A Day Man!

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your albums. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $35." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your albums at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business piles up great profits. Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. or Read—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush, Charmingly decorated insides, Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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THE BEE.

Pub lished every Saturday at 1109 1 Street, northwest, Washington, D. C.

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W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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Special notices 10 cents per line. Ten lines constitute an inch.

AFRAID OF THE NEGRO.

Major W. G. Moore, who has charge of the police force of this city and who had charge of them on Tuesday said "that he was more afraid of the colored people than he was of Coxey's army." GREAT SCOTT!! What crimes have the colored people perpetrated in this city to any one?

The Congress of the United States has committed offences greater than those ever committed by the negro.

No negro legislator has ever disgraced himself to the American people as many members of Congress have done. The members of the police force lost their heads on Tuesday; their purpose and determination was to club some one. Finding the negro the less offensive they clubbed him. The scene was disgraceful and the act cowardly on the part of some of those brutal and pusillanimous officers of the police force.

The police department needs to be reorganized; it is badly in need of a man who will teach some of these officers a lesson and the sooner it is done, the better it will be for the city.

THE UNCROWNED KING AND HIS SUBJECTS.

Notwithstanding the voluminous scribbling of newspaper prophets to the contrary, General Coxey has at last arrived at the nation's Capital with his heroic, yet perhaps deluded followers. The dangers braved and the hardships endured by this band are such as to excite admiration as well as pity, for they suffered and are still suffering for a principle and under conditions which are calculated to test the sincerity of their motives. They have marched upwards of 500 miles in order to present to the nations legislators a most tangible and forcible proof of the severity of the times and of the importance of remedial measures looking towards the speedy amelioration of the many thousands the represent. Their march toward the Capital was signally peaceful and without friction with state and national authority, thus favorably impressing the observer of the character of both Coxey and his men. While wearing the looks of care and the vestiges of poverty yet they do not look like tramps but what they really are—a band of honest laboring men who are seeking to better the times by peaceable means in their judgement most emphatic and effective and in our judgement they have done all that they could reasonably expect from their peaceable errand. They have stired the nation from centre to circumference, upon the importance of adjusting the disparity between labor and Capital. They have solidified the laboring element and have rendered a more perfect organization more easy. They have excited the sympathy of Capitalists who never dreamed of the misery and deprivation to which thousands of honest laboring men are subjected and they have aroused a moral sentiment which will quicken into a policy of fairness towards all citizens.

In view of the harmlessness of the men who constituted Coxey's army, it is but fair to state that while precautions were wise, yet the angry attitude of the police towards them was, to say the least unfortunate. General Coxey desired to speak from the portico of the Capitol. He was denied the privilege and he quietly retired. Brown was less wise, but not so unwise as to have set the police on to a senseless, passionate and indiscriminate clubbing of defenceless people. So demoralized were the police that in their attempt to rebuke Coxey cohorts that some of them struck right and left without regard to persons. As usual, the prejudice of some of the police was apparent, for a colored man who was a quiet observer had his head opened by a stroke of a policemans club. As another instance of the bravery and loyalty of our local police the public may point to the broken bones of another defenceless colored man whose principal offense was his color. It is to be hoped that the officer who perpetrated the cowardly trick may receive the punishment which such unjustifiable and cruel treatment deserves.

For fear the new warden of the jail may not know who the only two colored guards are, the BEE takes this opportunity of informing him.

They are colored men Mr. Lenard, and republicans. As a matter of fact they have no politics.

The death of Frank Hatton Editor of the Post was a shock to the country He was as good as he was brilliant.

It is not natural for all men to be dishonest.

The Coxey movement has startled the country. The arrest of Coxey was a cowardly act on the part of the police.

GERMAN BAPTIST ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyersdale, Pa., on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, commencing May 24th, 1894.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R Co. will sell excursion tickets to Meyersdale and return from all stations on its system of lines at the rate of one first class fare for the round trip. From points east of and including Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 22nd to 28th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address nearest Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co. or O. P. McCarty, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. S. W. R'y., St. Louis, Mo.; L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Chicago, Ills.; E. D. Smith, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa., or B. F. Bond, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md. 4t

WOMEN ALWAYS THE SAME.

One would imagine from some thing that we read and hear, that the Creator gave to 1824 one sort of women, and to 1894 another sort. But there is no evidence that He made the one different from the other. New types have come up, as unpicturesque as, fortunately, their number is few. But womanhood is precisely the same to-day as it was in the time of Eve: different only in minor respects, but exactly the same in the best qualities that indelibly proclaim the true woman. She has broadened intellectuallity True, but so has man, and we never hear of the modern man as being a creature radically different from his predecessor by a century's length, and yet he has changed just as much. EDWARD W. BOK in the May Ladies home Journal.

Poor Prospect for Harry.

"Papa, dear, I can never love anybody except Harry."

"Can't, hay? Smph! What's Harry got?"

"Brains, papa, and—and a heart."

"Well, you tell Harry to put his brains and heart in a tin box and put 'em up at the bank as collateral for $73,500 before Tuesday morning and I'll talk with him."

Just as Good.

Employer—Are you a college graduate?

Applicant—No, but I'm just as good. I can kick eight kinds of wind out of a football.

A Brief Call.

"Come to stay?" asked the fish.

"Oh, no," said the worm. "Just dropped in for a bite; that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Precedent Established.

"What makes you think she will marry you?"

"She has married other men."—Truth.

An Exemplified Proverb.

Trudik—Hallo, Tom. Is this little man your youngest?

De Witt—Yes. It's a case of "nothing new under the son."—Kate Field's Washington.

Not a Connoisseur.

Barber (applying the lather)—I think I've got a better soap now than I ever used before.

Customer—I can't see any difference. It all tastes alike to me.—Chicago Tribune.

She Understood It.

Capt. Mars—A soldier will never face powder without turning white.

Miss Innocence—A peculiar quality that face powder has.—Kansas City Journal.

A Wise Wife.

Mrs. Smith—Do you let your husband have his own way?

Mrs. Brown—Certainly. And then I go the other.—Vogue.

Siam Afraid of France.

Dispatches from Bangkok indicate that the Siamese government is alarmed at the French preparations, and will submit to the French demands unless foreign influence is brought to her aid. It is believed that France will moderate her demands.

A HORSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Eats and Sleeps Under the Roof That Shelters the President.

A horse has his home in the White House. This is a literal fact which visitors never discover and which few Washington people know. The horse which shares the Executive Mansion with the President isn't a thoroughbred. He has neither pedigree nor record. He is just a plain, every-day horse, with a white star in his forehead, a faithful companion to Edgar R. Beckley.

And who is Edgar R. Beckley? The man who, for twenty-five years, has carried to and from the White House all of the interesting and valuable mail received and sent, and who has never been found remiss in his duty, says the Globe-Democrat. There are men who seem bound to become monuments of fidelity to routine trusts. Beckley is one of them. Rain or shine, in all seasons, he makes the hourly trips between the White House and the city Post-Office. He is the White House mail-carrier. And the horse that has his home in the White House carries Beckley.

The part of the mansion set apart for the horse is one corner of the conservatory. A thin partition is all that separates the roomy stall from the orchids. There is just room enough for the stall and a temporary supply of feed, and the horse eats and sleeps under the same roof with the President of the United States.

Their Slave Was a Princess.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott County, Va." said E. L. Dement to the corridor man at the Southern. "She lived to a great age, and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa, and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave-trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did, realizing instinctively that she was born to command. A grown woman when captured, she had lived with the same family for over seventy years at the time her freedom was declared, and she continued to reside on the plantation in a cabin set apart for her eighteen or twenty years after the war closed, making her considerably over a hundred years of age. She was known almost throughout the State as the African princess, and in her later years she was a sort of queen over the negroes in the region where she lived, being waited on in her little cabin by a royal retinue of servants whenever she wanted them to do her bidding."—St. Louis Exchange.

All He Wanted.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."

"I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie, anyhow."

"No'm. I druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey, an' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Quite Right.

A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the Indianapolis theatres. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Why, there is B——," said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us; I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man in front, and then, stepping forward, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but, to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

"I am," was the quiet reply.

The Impossible.

The prisoner at the bar had won the favor of the Chicago Judge, and that dispenser of justice wanted to help him.

"You have restored the money you stole," he said, "and now, if I let you off, what will you do?"

"I'll lead an honest life, your Honor; indeed, I will," pleaded the prisoner.

"Where will you go?"

"I'll stay right here in Chicago, your Honor, where I was born and raised."

The Judge shook his head.

"I guess you'll find it easier at the workhouse," he said, coldly. "Six months."—Detroit Free Press.

His Advantage.

They had been classmates and roommates at a fashionable female college, and had often discussed the future, or matrimony, which is much the same thing, over a box of bonbons when they were supposed to be in bed. And now Valeria was about to become a wife and Gertrude had just been let into the secret.

"But," said Gertrude, with an air of deep disappointment, "he seems to be as far as possible from your ideal."

"Yes, that's just the point," replied Valeria, speaking as one whose mind is at rest; "he won't be constantly reminding me of it, don't you see?"

A Biblical Note.

St. Peter—There seems to be a strange bond of sympathy between Victor Hugo and Elijah.

Gabriel—No wonder. Both knew what it was to be translated.—Vogue.

It Dies Out.

Maud—Is kissing before marriage proper?

Marie—It is not so proper before marriage as after, but it is a good deal more frequent.—New York ——

HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though He was Father of the Baby, He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, tried to reject it.

"Make it George William," he said. "William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Bill."

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Very well," he said, as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked:

"How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise.

"Good-day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked:

"Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected.

After supper he remarked, sneeringly:

"Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically:

"Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William." Then he put it and a $10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergyman an envelope.

"Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It is written very plainly 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

No Room to Explain.

The tramp with a new gag approached the man with money in his pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahmemosic something to-day?"

"Who's Mahmemosic?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled.

"It's Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-to-ask-for-a-dime."

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahmemosic before."

The tramp assumed a look of amazement.

"What," he exclaimed; "never heard of Mahmemosic?"

"No; never did."

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Lincoln? Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he,"

The tramp ignored the question.

"Perhaps you've heard of Gen. Grant?"

"Can't say I ever did."

"You've certainly heard of Washington?"

"Washington? Washington?' and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name?"

"George, sir—George Washington."

"No; I never heard of him. Who was he?"

The tramp took a long look at his proposed benefactor.

"Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doin' now in great shape," and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

An Important Point.

"Oh, say, Mamie," exclaimed Maud, "you just ought to see Harry since he joined the National Guard. He looks perfectly lovely."

"He must!" rejoined Mamie, rapturously.

"I do so hope there won't be any war!"

"It would be dreadful if Harry were to get killed."

"I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd be just certain to spoil his clothes."—Washington Star.

A Regular Thing.

The Hostess (apologetically at luncheon)—This being Friday, Mr. Castleton, we don't have as much as on other days.

Castleton—Neither do I, as a rule.

The Hostess—Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to do so?

Castleton (going)—Oh, no. Because I'm broke.—New York Herald.

Economy.

Wool—Hicks promised to give his wife ten cents for every ten he spent for cigars.

Van Pelt—How does it work?

Wool—First rate, whenever we meet he buys me a drink and I buy him a cigar.—Truth.

An Egotist.

Miss Gussie Riverside—I don't think I would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo.

Dudely Canesucker—Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You wob me of my last hope.—Texas Siftings.

Accounted for at Last.

First Urchin—What d'ye reckon's the reason Buff'lo Bill wears his hair so long?

Second Urchin—He wants to let them Injuns of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fine Team.

Penelope—Don't you see the advantage?

Richley—No; I do not.

Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!—Life.

A Distinction.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle.

"Yes, sir; I enjoy goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."—Washington Star.

TIME TO GO AHEAD.

Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other—well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bonbons and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that "there is absolutely nothing in her." The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her.

"I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale green," she said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her words.

"Is it possible? I"——

"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am."

"I only hope you"——

"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just what I choose."

The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men—they like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"—— began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet."

"But I thought that you"——

"Were selecting a trousseau? So I am, goosie. You see it is just this way: He will call at 8 this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by precedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married man ought to give up his club you may know that his intentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and—now you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will."

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that confused him so, that I made an excuse to slip out into the hall where his coat was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a household paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893.

In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Rachel" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and, in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadily for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought Stocking shares again. * * * When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded $6,050, and here it is." We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well konwn as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash of 1893."—Boston Commonwealth.

Uncle Zeb's Suspicion.

"Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been arrested this month."

"Yessir."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, sah, dar's a new p'leeceman on our beat."

"Has that anything to do with the case?"

"I dunno, sah; on'y it sut'ny hez seemed ter me dat may be was kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners.

"My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointing.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time.

"Certainly," she answered. "Are you going to have a party?"

"No; I wanted to try them in my new slungshot."—Washington Star.

Unselfish Love.

He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor.

She—You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—Life.

RAILROAD.

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For Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 9:30, p. m. express 12:01 night 11:15.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland express daily 11:30 a. m. and 8:40 p. m.

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For Winchester and way Stations 4:30 p. m

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For Luray, 8:30 p. m. daily

For Baltimore weeks days x5:35, 5:40, 6:35 x7:15 (8, 9, 45 minutes) x8:05, 8:30, x9:30 (10, 00 45-minutes), a. m. x1 :00, x12:05, 12:15 x2:15, (3:00 45-minutes), 3:25 x4:28, 4:30, x5:00 x5:30, 5:35, x6:29, 6:35, x8:00, 8:5, x9:00, x9:50 x11:30, and 11:35 p. m. Sundays, x3:35 (8:00 45-minutes), x8:05, 8:30, x9:30, a. m., x12:00 x12:05, 1:0 , x2 5, (3:00, 45-minutes) 3:25, 4:31 x5:00, 6:30, x7:00, x9:00, x9:50, 10:00, x11:30 11:35, p. m.

For Annapolis 7.15 and 8.30 a. m., 12 15 and 4:28 p. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m., 4:31 p. m.

For Frederick, †11.30, a. m., 4.1 ; 4 0 †5.30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †11.30 a. m. and †5,30 p. m.

For Loydsville and way points, *7.15 p. m.

For Gaithersburg and way points, †8 00 †8 00 *10.00 . m., †12.45, †3 35, †4.35 5.35, 7.05 †9 40 †1 30 p. m.

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Washington D. C

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SATURDAY, APR, 28th, 1894

Locals.

FOR RENT.—2111 N street, N. W Three rooms furnished or unfurnished all modern improvements. Terms reasonable. Apr 21 1 m.

FOR RENT:—One furnished room for gentleman only 1013 11th st. N. W.

On account of a line being left out last week in the article concerning the warden of the jail. the BEE was made to say that the President appointed the warden.

The warden was appointed by the supreme Court of the District of Columbia and he is from Indiana, and has as much love for a negro as Coxey has for our police force.

NOTICE.

A Grand Mass Convention of the Equal Rights Councils, Nos, 39 to 46 inclusive will be held in the Metropolitan Baptist church R st. between 12th and 13th sts. n. w. May 16th, 17th and 18th 1894,

(1) To organize District Council.
(2) Elect District officers.
(3) Elect 25 Delegates to National Council and all other business pertaining to the Equal and Civil rights of the race.

The public are invited to witness the deliberations.

G. W. Lee D. D. Senatorial Councillor.
Geo. W. Bryant M. D: National Chief Secretary,
H. M. Turner LLD. National Chief Councillor.

IS IT TRUE?

A prominent negro democrat of Philadelphia, Pa. who has been in town a few days, says, "that if Taylor is not confirmed as recorder of deeds no other negro democrat will be.

From whom the colored democrat gets his information the BEE is unable to state.

TOO ANXIOUS.

The police officers were too anxious to make arrests on Tuesday. It would have been better for the police authorities to have allowed Mr. Coxey to make a speech from the Capitol steps on last Tuesday. The officers kicked up a bigger fuss than Coxey's army.

WM. E. MATTHEWS IS DEAD

A SUCCESSFUL MAN PASSES AWAY,

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Wm. E. Mathews is dead. He died quietly and peacefully. He died believing in the faith of the Nazarene. He was at peace with the world. He has left behind him footprints which posterity can easily discern. He was a man of affairs and leaves large interests behind for those dependent upon him His name has for many years been synonymous with progress, public spirit and a Gibraltа of financial strength and integrity. He was known in every large city of the Western Hemisphere He corresponded with public men everywhere. He held financial relations with large and small houses; with large and small men. He will be greatly missed in the community where he resided. He will be missed by Bishops, who were his friends, by newspaper correspondents, who delighted in his criticism of contemporaneous men and things. He will be missed by young men in business and out of business, by old men, white and black.

At 1.15 o'clock A. M. on the morning of May 2nd he was no more, and his home became a house of grief and a home of mourning He passed away from his brothers, his wife and his accomplished young daughter. He had suffered greatly, but in silence like a stoic. To the last his mind was intensely clear, and, while those attending him knew that his case was critical, his brightness of mind led all to think that he would "pull through," as he told his friend Bradford. But alas! a wise Providence had decreed otherwise, and his soul has returned to its Maker.

He was fifty one years of age, having been born in the month o July, 1845 in Baltimore, Md. His father died when quite young so that he was compelled to face the battles of life at an early age. His responsibilities quickly developed his character. He early identified himself with the Galbraith Lyceum, which soon became a beacon light upon the mountain top, in the literary developement of his race. It was mainly there that he acquired and developed his ability as a debater and orator, who in later years was destined to speak before Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell, and Whittier, in enlisting their aid, their sympathies their money in the cause of educational and industrial developement of his people.

The society which was organized in the "sixties" by Bishop D. A. Payne for the purpose of building churches and founding schools throughout the south among the freedmen, secured his services as a lecturer in its behalf. He travelled north and east speaking, before the culture and refinement which congregated at the Plymouth church in Brooklyn, at Henry Ward Beecher's church and at other distinguished places before assemblies, accustomed to listen to Doctor Bellows Dr. Chaplin, Mr. Frothingham and Dr. Vincent, whose names are but synonyms of the rising culture and intelligence of the north and east.

It is related that upon one occasion after having spoken before Mr Beecher's congretation, the collection reached $1200. It was upon these pilgrimages to the east that the man acquired such an extensive and prominent acquaintanceship, which has extended over a great gap in the century, and which ends only in his death.

Subsequently, in later years he became a lawyer, a departmental official, and finally a financier. His life was a busy one He grew in years and in money. He was born under circumstances and at a time when men of color had neither brains nor money. He "took hold" of his mind and read the literature and history of the world. He took hold of the world and it yielded him thousands. His character was versatile. Nothing pleased him better than a discussion upon the relative merits and American oratory. He liked Burke, Chatham and Sheridan. But preferred Otis, Webster and Clay.

He read widely in prose and prose and poetry, in fact and friction. To do business with him it was necessary to be prompt His standing in the market was never questioned, his check was cashed at every bank without regard to its face.

The example of his life is one well worthy to inspire emulation. He lived a useful life. If he had faults, they belonged to the flesh. If he erred, they were the errors of humanity. De mortuis nil nisi bonum"

Thomas H Clarke,
609 F st N W:
May 2nd, 1894

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CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing With Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at the Hotel Denechaud last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked Mr. Justin Denechaud, who was behind the desk at the time.

"There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than twenty years I have slept in a bed with the head towards the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep in a bed with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed in that position," said the clerk, as he ran his eye over the list of rooms. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you," and calling the porter Mr. Denechaud instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard of him it is presumed that he retired and slept the sleep of the blessed.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Denechaud, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. You noticed that gentleman just now who demanded that his bed be changed with the head towards the north. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. I remember an instance like this several years ago. A gentleman, slightly under the influence of liquor, came into the hotel one night and, producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with the man and they placed the bed as requested. The joke about it was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position, and it so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed directly northeast, according to the compass, was in reality so placed that the head was directly to the south. The gentleman discovered his mistake the next morning, and I presume was cured of the fad."—New Orleans Times.

The Best He Could Do.

The seedy individual, blear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central Depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"Five cents."

"And a steak?"

"Ten cents."

"Fried eggs?"

"Five cents."

"Potatoes?"

"Five cents."

"Bread and butter?"

"Five cents."

"Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?"

"Oh, no."

Then he ran his hand down into his pocket.

"Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Sarcasm.

"John," she said after some silence.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind."

"Yes."

"John?"

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"No."

"And yet, just look at it."

She Tried to Help.

He (devoted but bashful)—There's been an awful lot in the papers lately about political combines and rings and such things.

She (determined to help him out)—Yes, I've noticed. Do women ever get mixed up with them?

He—Certainly not. Why do you ask that?

She (with a "now will you tumble?" emphasis)—Because I feel as if I would like to get into a ring of some kind myself.

No presents.—Buffalo Courier.

Why He Was Dropped.

Ethel—Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she was going to.

Maude—Yes, but during their first talk he said he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)—Why, which does she think she has,

Good Advice.

"She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to shoot myself."

"When you entertain such an idea as that," replied the sage, "you are underestimating your affection."

"Don't you mean overestimating?"

"Well, you may be overestimating its intensity, but not its quantity. Just you wait a while and you will find you have love enough left for half a dozen girls."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Principle.

Brown—Is Black a man of principle?

White—Decidedly. Whenever he wants any whiskey he sends Jack Todd for it. Black's principles would n't allow him to be seen in a liquor shop.—Boston Transcript.

Of Adult Size.

Tommy—Pa, why do they say that "a note matures" when it falls due.

Pa (worrying over his debts)—Because it's generally so blame big, I suppose.—Chicago Record.

Chops for One.

Johnnie (with an ax)—Papa, what is a chophouse?

Papa—It is a house where they have chops.

Johnny (plaintively)—Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?

FASHION NOTES.

There is a gray silk which will compose a beautiful dinner gown and may be called the "Marie Stuart Style."

A black moire gown combined with yellow satin softened with black lace makes a becoming dress for a stout person.

The most trying colors find favors; pink is combined with apple green. Sashes, ribbons and colored collar bands, quite distinct from the rest of the dress, are features in fashions.

A great deal of canvas will be worn and not a little alpaca. Also crinkled goods will be highly in favor.

Foulard silks will not be so popular this year, but mousseline de lane, silk muslin, crepons, batiste, tulle and any pretty sateen or gingham.

A favorite trimming is buttons as handsome as one's purse will allow. One sees them every where on gowns, on the side pannels, on the waist, in the back, etc.

Embroidered dresses are seen at the leading dressmakers. A beautiful one is of peach colored ladies' cloth, embroidered with old rose silk.

Capes get to be shorter and shorter, but they are of as rich material and trimming as possible,

Corselets are worn a great deal and in many styles. Some are braided cloth, others are of jet, others of embroidery.

Eton jackets are still favorable for street dresses; they also come in every possible material.

The blouse glorified and improved by shaped basques and by Zouave and other trimmings, will certainly be seen throughout the summer; but the term blouse is surely a misnomer, for, with fitted lining and sleeves of the very latest cut, it is a distinct bodice with a banded waist.

Tweed tailor made costumes are worn for shapping and walking purposes.

Very simple but elegant tea jackets can be made from broche silks with "tea colored" guipure lace. In front, the fullnesss is slightly gathered.

A great many different waists for one skirt are the very latest.

For children the same silks and goods are to be employed as for their mothers.

A NOBLE WOMAN GONE.

Mrs Ricks the mother of lawyer James H. Rick, died at the residence of her son, 637 K st. n. w. Thursday April 26th aged 60 years. Mrs. Ricks has been sick for some time and being a woman of strong will, power and vigor she was able to stand longer than the expectation of her many friends and acquaintances. She was a noble woman; a good mother and a faithful Christian. The funeral took place Monday afternoon and her remains were carried to Western Va. The sermon was preached by Revs. James H. Lee, Eugene Johnson and Hayes. Prof. J. T. Layton had part of his choir present and sang some appropriate selections. Lawyer Ricks has the profound sympathy of the members of the bar in his bereavement.

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Apr. 7-3 m.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

W Calvin Chase, attorney and counsellor at law, has moved in his new own town office, 406 5th and D streets, n. w., near the courts, where he can be seen from 8 to 4, after which time he can be seen at his up town office, 1109 I reet n. w. All kinds of law business attended to with care.

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CHAPTER IN PALMISTRY.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY MARK TWAIN.

Tells, in His New Novel, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," How a Master of the Art Revealed a Murder by the Lines of the Hand.

"But look here, Dave," said Tom, "you used to tell people's fortunes, too, when you took their finger marks. Why, he'll read your wrinkles as easy as a book, and not only tell you fifty or sixty things that's going to happen to you, but fifty or sixty thousand that ain't. Come, Dave, show the gentlemen what an inspired Jack-at-all-science we've got in this town, and don't know it."

Wilson winced under this nagging and not very courteous chaff, and the twins suffered with him and for him. They rightly judged, now, that the best way to relieve him, would be to take the thing in earnest and treat it with respect, ignoring Tom's rather overdone raillery; so Luigi said—

"We have seen something of palmistry in our wanderings, and know very well what astonishing things it can do. If it isn't a science, and one of the greatest of them, too—I don't know what its other name ought to be. In the Orient——"

Tom looked surprised and incredulous. He said:

"That juggling a science? But really, you ain't serious, are you?"

"Yes, entirely so. Four years ago we had our hands read out to us as if our palms had been covered with print."

"Well, do you mean to say there was actually anything in it?" asked Tom, his incredulity beginning to weaken a little.

"There was this much in it," said Angelo; "what was told us of our character was minutely exact—we could not have bettered it ourselves. Next, two or three memorable things that had happened to us were laid bare—things which no one present but ourselves could have known about."

"I haven't examined half a dozen hands in the last half dozen years; you see, the people got to joking about it, and I stopped to let the talk die down. I'll tell you what we'll do, Count Luigi; I'll make a try at your past, and if I have any success there—no, on the whole, I'll let the future alone; that's really the affair of an expert."

He took Luigi's hand. Tom said:

"Wait—don't look yet, Dave! Count Luigi, here's paper and pencil. Set down that thing that you said was the most striking one that was foretold to you, and happened less than a year afterward, and give it to me so I can see if Dave finds it in your hand."

Luigi wrote a line privately, and folded up the piece of paper, and handed it to Tom, saying:

"I'll tell you when to look at it, if he finds it."

Wilson began to study Luigi's palm, tracing life lines, heart lines, head lines, and so on, and noting carefully their relations with the cobweb of finer and more delicate marks and lines that enmeshed them on all sides; he felt of the fleshy cushion at the base of the thumb, and noted its shape; he felt of the fleshy side of the hand between the wrist and the base of the little finger, and noted its shape also; he painstakingly examined the fingers, observing their form, proportions, and natural manner of disposing themselves when in repose. All this process was watched by the three spectators with absorbing interest, their heads bent together over Luigi's palm, and nobody disturbing the stillness with a word. Wilson now entered upon a close survey of the palm again, and his revelations began.

He mapped out Luigi's character and disposition, his tastes, aversions, proclivities, ambitions, and eccentricities in a way which sometimes made Luigi wince and the others laugh, but both twins declared that the chart was artistically drawn and was correct.

Next, Wilson took up Luigi's history. He proceeded cautiously and with hesitation, now, moving his finger slowly along the great lines of the palm, and now and then halting it at a "star" or some such landmark, and examining that neighborhood minutely. He proclaimed one or two past events, Luigi confirmed his correctness, and the search went on. Presently Wilson glanced up with a surprised expression:

"Here is record of an incident which you would perhaps not wish me to——"

"Bring it out," said Luigi, good-naturedly; "I promise you it shan't embarrass me."

But Wilson still hesitated, and did not seem quite to know what to do. Then he said:

"I think it is too delicate a matter to—to—I believe I would rather write it or whisper it to you, and let you decide for yourself whether you want it talked out or not."

"That will answer," said Luigi; "write it."

Wilson wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Luigi, who read it to himself and said to Tom."

"Unfold your slip and read it, Mr. Driscoll."

Tom read:

"It was prophesied that I would kill a man. It came true before the year was out."

Tom added, "Great Scott!"

Luigi handed Wilson's paper to Tom, and said:

"Now read this.

Tom read:

"You have killed some one, but whether man, woman or child, I do not make out."

"Caesar's ghost!" commented Tom, with astonishment. "It beats anything that was ever heard of! Why, a man's own hand is his deadliest enemy! Just think of that—a man's own hand keeps a record of the deepest and fatalest secrets of his life, and is treacherously ready to expose him to any black-magic stranger that comes along. But what do you let a person look at your hand for, with that awful thing printed in it?"

"Oh," said Luigi, reposefully, "I don't mind it. I killed the man for good reasons, and I don't regret it."

"What were the reasons?"

"Well, he needed killing."

"I'll tell you why he did it, since he won't say himself," said Angelo, warmly. "He did it to save my life, that's what he did it for. So it was a noble act, and not a thing to be hid in the dark."—Century.

HE FOUGHT WITH POE.

Congressman English's Quarrel With the Author of "The Raven."

One of the oldest men in the House of Representatives is Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who represents the sixth (or Essex county) district of New Jersey, and who will be 75 years of age June 29, 1894. Long before he ever dreamed of becoming Congressman English, the gentleman from New Jersey acquired distinction as the author of "Ben Bolt." In addition to his fame as a poet Mr. English enjoyed the notoriety of having been at one time the chosen friend and boon companion of Edgar Allen Poe, author of "The Raven" and other poems. How this friendship terminated can best be described in the language of Mr. English:

"Up to 1845," said the New Jersey statesman, "Poe and myself were well nigh inseparable, both at Philadelphia and New York, where we afterward removed. While in the latter city Poe became involved in a controversy with a brother of Mrs. Ellet, a noted novelist half a century ago, relative to certain letters which Poe declared the lady had written to him. The dispute became very animated, and one day while I was discussing certain matters with a caller Poe burst into the room where we were talking and demanded the loan of my pistol. When I asked him what he wanted it for his reply was that he intended to shoot the brother of the woman whom he had calumniated. This was my opportunity and I did not neglect it. In the plainest language possible I told Poe that he was acting the part of a blackguard, and slandering and endeavoring to compromise an honest woman, and he knew it. 'Besides,' said I, you know, Poe, that you have no letters from Mrs. Ellet as well as I do."

"Blurting out that he did not propose to be talked to in such a manner before a stranger, Poe reiterated that he had very damaging letters from the lady in question. 'Then, in heaven's name, why don't you produce them?' was my query. This did not seem to be at all pleasant to the author of 'The Raven,' and he volunteered the information that I was poking my nose into his business too much. One word led to another, and from words we came to blows, my right fist ornamenting Poe's right eye in the most approved fashion. A series of punches followed, and before the scrimmage ended I had forced my unwelcome visitor down to the floor, and, taking him by both ears, and sides of his face, I proceeded to ram his face vigorously against the floor of my apartment. This encounter stirred up all the malevolence in Poe's nature; and when his disfigured countenance was commented upon a few minutes later he evaded an explanation by saying that he had run against a workingman who was carelessly carrying a piece of lumber on his shoulder. Ever afterward he could not say things too mean about me, and this fisticuff ended all friendly relations between us up to the day of his death."—New York Tribune.

The Nerve of a Porch-Climber.

"I think one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve on the part of a burglar was shown by one who was captured in Philadelphia not very long ago," said J. H. Ivers to a St. Louis reporter. "The fellow was what is known as a 'porch-climber,' and one evening about eight o'clock he gained acess to the sleeping apartments of a house in one of the best portions of the city. While engaged in ransacking the room he heard some one coming up the stairs, and not having time to escape he sought safety under the bed. The door opened and the lady of the house entered, and, after busying herself about the room for a few minutes, picked up a book and commenced to read. The bed under which the fellow was concealed was a very low one, and his cramped position was anything but comfortable. He did not dare to move for fear of betraying himself, but kept hoping she would leave the room for some reason or other and give him a chance to escape.

"She stayed on, however, and about ten o'clock was joined by her husband. After a few minutes' conversation they retired to the very bed under which the burglar lay concealed. In trying to shift his position a little the fellow under the bed made a slight noise, which immediately alarmed the woman. Calling her husband, she said: 'Tom, there is some one under the bed.' 'Nonsense,' he said; 'you are dreaming.' 'I tell you I heard some one,' she replied. 'It is only the dog,' he said. 'Here, I will prove it to you,' and with that he threw his arm over the edge and, snapping his fingers, called as he would to a dog. The fellow under the bed took in the situation in an instant, and realizing that he must act promptly, actually reached out his head to where the hand hung and licked the fingers with his tongue, as the dog might do. The act was performed so naturally that the man in bed was completely deceived, and, after saying to his wife, 'I told you so,' and telling her to go to sleep, he turned over and was soon lost in slumber. After waiting until convinced they were sound asleep, the burglar crawled out from under the bed, and, taking everything of value he could find in the room, made his escape."—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

Belgian Marriage Certificates.

In Belgian it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books with paper covers. These books, which are often produced in course of law proceedings, and are taken in evidence, are apt to become dirty and dog's-eard. The burgomaster of Brussels has, therefore, hit upon a new plan. Henceforth a charge will be made for the books, which will be neatly bound in morocco and gilt-edged. They will be something more than a mere certificate. A summary of Belgian law on the married state is given in them for the use of young couples, and among a mass of other miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerately affording space for twelve such entries. To poor persons the books will be issued free of charge. One of the town councilors was in favor of adding directions for obtaining a divorce, but it is needless to say his suggestion was not adopted.

MEXICAN CAVES AND MUMMIES.

Underground Relics of a Former Civilization in Chihuahua.

Moses Thatcher, the millionaire apostle and financier of the Mormon church, whose home is in Logan, Utah, is residing for a time at 220 Van Ness avenue. Mr. Thatcher has been an apostle of the Mormon church since 1879, and his life work has been devoted to the building up of the kingdom of the latter days. He has spent many years in exploring the wilds and beauty lands of Mexico.

In the State of Chihuahua the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mr. Thatcher states, held for him the greatest attractions. West of the Casas Grandes Valley, through which flows the Piedras Verdes, a lovely river which connects with the San Miguel in the upper part of the valley and forms the Casas Grandes River, there is an exceedingly beautiful expanse of country. It is interspersed with mountains of moderate size, a branch of the Sierra Madre range, and not far from where the celebrated Sabinal mines are located on the Corralitos ranch, one of the richest regions, pregnant with gold and silver ore, awaiting the advent of the prospector and the iron horse.

"Many places I passed through," said the apostle, "strongly reminded me of the placer ground in the Sierra Nevada mountains, at the head of the American River. The great similarity of the soil is most pronounced, and all the indications are almost identical.

"The Mormon colony was the first to settle in the Sierra Madre range in this region. They camped right on the trail of the dreaded Apaches, and named one of their settlements Pacheco, after the noted General, who was Secretary of War. The Mexicans were astounded at the boldness of these pioneers, and considered annihilation inevitable.

"In a radius of 100 miles there is enough masonry to build two cities the size of San Francisco, and this tells the tale of a great civilization that once flourished there. I purchased a sitio, or a little over 4,000 acres of land, some time ago, and subsequently bought up an adjoining tract of 48,000 acres. On part of this land I discovered about half a dozen caves. The entrances were walled up with cement two and one-half feet thick, with only postholes and a narrow aperture left sufficiently wide to allow one person to enter. These caves were provided with ollas, in which water and provisions were stored, and were formed of long sacaton grass, mixed with cement, and were usually about twelve feet high and eight or nine feet in width. One was in perfect preservation.

"The caves were divided into apartments, and one of them contained seventeen rooms. Upon the walls are still fresh character writings of the ancient inhabitants, of the same class as described in the 'Mexican Antiquities' by Lord Kingsbury. The caves on the land referred to will accommodate fully 1,000 persons, and a celebrated Belgian scientist not long ago found more relics in them than he had in a search of 150 miles elsewhere."—San Francisco Examiner.

Theologic Literature of the Day.

Harold Frederic says, in the New York Times, that the thirty-ninth volume of Spurgeon's sermons has just been issued. The complete edition will consist of fifty-two volumes. The sale has been enormous, the demand increasing tremendously since Spurgeon's death. The aggregate sales, for all the volumes added together, is put at the incredible figure of 70,000,000, and it is said that the single sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration" has sold 224,000! When one also considers the apparently great sale in this country of the various editions of the sermons and addresses of Phillips Brooks, it becomes apparent that theology and religion are no longer utterly dependent on the popularity of the pulpit.

No preacher ever lived to preach to such a multitude as Spurgeon is reported now to be addressing from the grave. And the same printing press that carries the words of these modern preachers to all corners of the world, and which must soon carry them to the ears of those unborn when Spurgeon and Brooks were preaching, carries too the Sermon on the Mount to countless millions, through countless years; and the epistles of Paul become "open letters" to the world.

It used to be popular, about the time that Bellamy's "Looking Backward" appeared, to talk of the coming days when a man would not have to go to church to hear a sermon, when he would be able to sit at home with his feet on the fender, while the telephone drummed dogma into his ears. That time may come, indeed; but already the day has dawned when a man can sit in his library and have his soul filled and his spirit expanded with noble words and high truth, and the eloquence of the world's greatest preachers; when he need not wait until Sunday for the strengthening discourse that he needs; and when, though he be poor in the world's goods, he yet may have at his command a chaplain who will speak to him in such words as it is given to few persons to speak or write.

When we talk about the waning power of the church, of the lessened attendance, and of the decreasing influence of the preacher, it should be remembered that the church has now a new power, which no man can measure, and which is the same that in past years has proved very nearly the greatest power in the world.—Post-Express.

One of the Barber's Secrets.

One of the well-known barbers of the city remarked the other day to an Indianapolis Journal man, while rapidly going over a customer's face with a keen-edged razor, that few people gave a thought as to how easy it seemed to cut a face during the operation of shaving, and yet how comparatively seldom such a thing happened. He said that where the face was kept wet the danger of cutting was reduced to a minimum, as the razor would slide along in the hands of the average barber, and do its work all right. If, however, the face was somewhat dry, the chances of slashing a man were increased vastly. The secret of immunity from unpleasant accidents of this sort is, therefore, to use plenty of lather and plenty of water in going over the face. A "dry shave" is a dangerous undertaking.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Evidence That the Mind Reasons to the Cause Rather Than From It.

"Did it ever occur to you that when we dream our minds operate backward?" said a scientific man recently. "I mean by this that the cause which gives the impression to the sleeper's mind that makes him begin to dream is always the climax of the vision. We can find many examples that will sustain this theory. Take, for instance, a man who falls out of bed. He dreams, perhaps, that he has fallen from a precipice. The cause of this dream is the shock he receives by coming in contact with the floor. Between the time he receives the fall and the moment he awakes—in this short period, almost infinitesimal—his mind follows out the impression received by the fall, reasoning to it as a climax. Thus, when he comes to his senses he remembers having had the vision and wonders why he should have fallen out of bed just at the moment he should have reached the bottom of the abyss. It would be folly to think that he had been dreaming of falling and then suited his actions to the dream by doing so exactly that moment. I have had dreams in which explosions occurred, and they were caused by the noise of a door being slammed. The noise gave my mind the impression of an explosion, and so I reasoned to it. The details have been so perfect and the series of incidents leading up to the explosion have seemed to take up such a great length of time that I have often wondered at the rapidity of thought while in sleep. In a moment incidents can be reviewed which it would take hours to act out. I know of a friend who fell asleep while looking at a clock one afternoon and began a trip to New York in a dream. He remembered vividly the ride from his house to the depot; how he was stopped by a friend who questioned him about important business; how he got on the train after having an altercation with the baggageman in regard to charging for overweight, all of which compelled him to run to catch a train; how he sat in the parlor car and enjoyed the scenery, remembering all the stations until he arrived at Greensburg, when a friend asked him to join in a game of poker; how he played each hand, the pleasant recollection of several times holding four aces being plainly in his mind; how he continued playing without interruption except for dinner until he arrived at Philadelphia, when he counted over some $400 in winnings. Then he remembered having met a friend while eating in Broad street station who talked upon a leading topic in politics; then he got on the train, and began reading a magazine which he had purchased at the news stand, finally arriving at Jersey City. He had just got on the ferry-boat when his wife came in and woke him. He hubbed his eyes, and, thinking he had been asleep for some time he looked at the clock, when he found that but three minutes had elapsed since he fell asleep. In these three minutes he had made a journey to New York, seeing everything as vividly as real. I tell this just to show the wonderful activity of the brain of a sleeping person and in support of my theory that in a dream the mind reasons to a cause rather than from it."—St. Louis Republic.

The Dwarfs of Maya Fable.

When questioned about the old ruined cities, they reply, "The dwarfs built them," and insist that the pixan or souls of those dwarfs, always walk about at night, coming into their houses, though the doors be shut. In the daytime they are suposed to dwell among the ruins. The reputation of the alux (dwarfs) is not much better than that enjoyed by the "little people" of Ireland and Scotland, accused of stealing butter, souring milk, and changing pretty babies for ugly little creatures with wrinkled faces. The alux are said to disturb tired laborers by shaking their hammocks, lash those who slumber too heavily, throw stones and whistle. They terrify all who look at them, and steal food; for, though not taller than a child four years old, they can eat more than any man does. Their only article of apparel is a very wide brimmed straw hat.

Belief in these dwarfish apparitions is perhaps induced by a vague knowledge that several centuries ago a race of remarkably small people did live in those parts. Edifices built by them are found on the east coast of Yucatan and on adjacent islands. There are several temples only nine feet high and eighteen inches wide. In some of those houses domestic utensils have been found very small. Any traveler may examine the strange little houses; and doubtless the belief in the phantom alux is an outgrowth of tradition concerning the dwarfish people who constructed them.—Mrs. A. D. Le Plongeon in the Pouplar Science Monthly.

What Causes Thunder?

"The generally accepted theory of the cause of thunder never satisfied me," said a well-known physician. "It seems to me that, instead of being caused by the vacuum produced by the electric bolt going through the atmosphere, it would be more plausible to attribute it to reverse of contraction—to expansion. I mean that the facts attending the phenomenon of thunder are such as to warrant my putting forth the theory that the cause of it is the explosion of the oxygen produced by the action of the electricity upon the air. One of the arguments in favor of this theory is the great amount of ozone to be found in the atmosphere after a thunder storm. Then, if it was concussion of the air, rushing into the vacuum that caused the noise, heat would be produced, whereas after every peal of thunder you will notice a sheet of rain falls, showing that instead of heat being produced the atmosphere must get colder to produce the great condensation. I can not conceive how electricity passing through the atmosphere could create a vacuum great enough to make a noise like thunder. This theory came to me many years ago, before electricity was so generally used. Now, the fact of being able to transmit electricity through a solid iron without even heating it seems to justify my theory regarding the formation of a vacuum."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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